A MONUMENT PUBLICATION

Cloud 9

VOL. 1 NO. 2

WHOLE DEPARTMENT NYMPH

LOVING THE PROS

POWER FOR
BETTER SEX

ADULTS ONLY

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CLOUD 9

volume three number two

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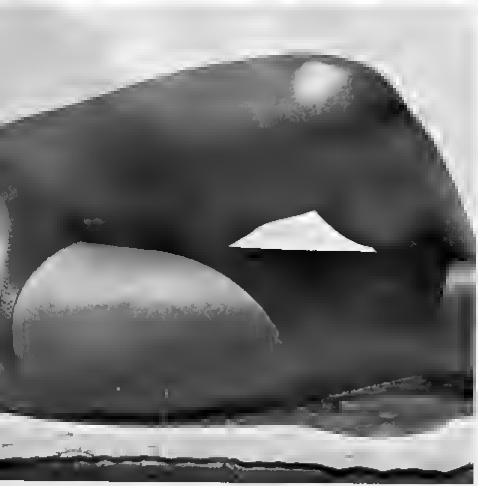
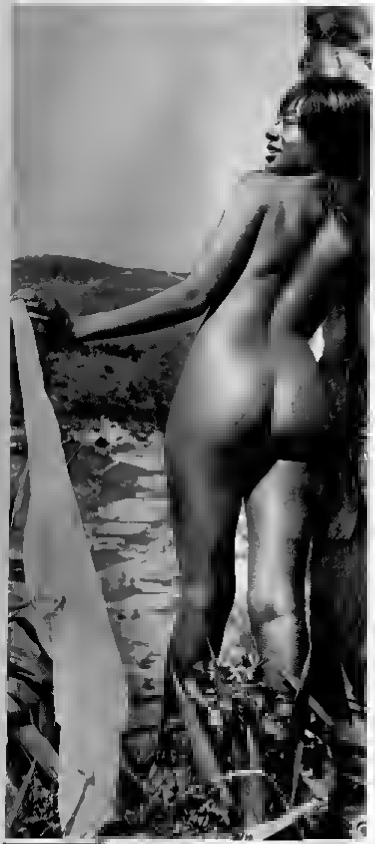
PAM IN PARADISE

A MODEL'S LIFE IS NOT SO FREE AND EASY AS MANY PEOPLE WOULD HAVE US BELIEVE BUT THERE ARE MOMENTS THAT ARE TERRIFIC



PAMELA ROBERTS IS ONE MODEL GRATEFUL FOR ONE SUCH MOMENT. SHE WAS ASKED TO POSE BY THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S POOL RECENTLY AND SHE LOVED EVERY MINUTE OF IT. PAM'S ALWAYS BEEN A WATER BABY, HAVING LEARNED TO SWIM BEFORE SHE LEARNED TO WALK. THERE IS NO POOL IN THE APARTMENT HOUSE WHERE SHE LIVES SO, AT LEAST FOR THE DAY SHE POSED, SHE WAS IN PARADISE. SHE'S LIABLE TO STAY THERE TOO, AS A BONUS.



BECAUSE SHE WAS SUCH A GOOD MODEL AND THE PHOTOGRAPHER LIKED HER POSES SO WELL HE OFFERED HER THE USE OF THE POOL ANY TIME SHE WANTED A DIP NOW PAM HAS PARADISE RIGHT AT HER FINGERTIPS

THE LAST KILL

BY CON SELLERS

Like the fighting rooster, he was born to fight—educated to kill—yet there are women who can sink the claws of tenderness into a man, changing instincts, melting his will to be a victor.

The leather on wood sounds might have been music or excited heels on a sombrero brim. He broke the rhythm and shook sweat out of his eyes.

When his hands moved back to their work he heard the words of Inez again—the angry words. He punched stiffly at the bag and missed.

"Enough," old Juanito said. "It does you no good today."

Stopping, Moises dropped his arms and rolled his shoulders under their warm sweat, but inside him there was no warmth.

"Juanito," he said, "it is difficult to think of the fight."

The old man nodded. "With the *gallos* it is easier. A fighting rooster has no woman to complicate matters."

Moises turned, moving across the scuffed floor. He had to spare a moment for the people who watched him train, to smile and let them thump his back. Then he went into the dressing room and closed the door.

Outside, someone said, "El Cuchillo will slice the Yanqui into small pieces."

"Perhaps," said the voice of the retired picador, "but the edge of The Knife has been sharper."

Moving from the door and the voices, Moises knew the picador was right: he had been sharper. But how could a fighter train when his woman would leave him if he fought again?

Out of the heavy sweat clothes Moises turned on the shower. Inez should understand: she should look at the people who came to see him train, who saved their coins to watch him fight. Inez should understand that a man does not marry until he is ready to stay in one place.

Bare and brown under the water Moises frowned. It was also a thing of pride, and not all his own. In Mexico a fighter did not belong to himself, but to the people, and especially to the city of his birth. That was how Moises—El Cuchillo

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Inez went down in spitting fury, bronzed legs flashing from the skirt that flowed high upon her hips.

—Valles belonged to the people of Leon

The shower did not soothe him he rubbed himself dry Inez was from the big homes on the hill, but were they not Mexican there also? Did they not see that a boxer a matador a general a fighting rooster of wide fame was not his own master?

In the Plaza de Toros the bulls died it was true but bravely—not on a chopping block And what was braver than a fighting rooster when he saw death? It was not pretty but truth had its own beauty The history of Mexico smelled of blood and death and one must accept it

Still frowning, Moises dressed and went out into the bright dry street and as always was stopped many times before he could reach the street that climbed the hill The peddlers the shoemakers—especially those *zapateros* who claimed him most—all wanted to know of the fight Would the buses be ready for the trip to Mexico City as before? Was he well?

Mostly they wanted to touch him to assure themselves he was one of them the son of a shoemaker It was a need Moises understood but today he hurried on

Inez waited in the cool of the patio a modeling of slim and dusky ivory with a mouth of bruised roses Her eyes could flame but they did not light for him today

"The servants are gone," she said "A festival over the mountain My parents dropped them off"

As if she spoke to a stranger he thought, and said yes thank you, he would take some iced lemonade The glass and her mouth had dew upon them and her eyes were chill as the rattling cubes

Juan to said I was not good today he said to begin somewhere He stopped the training early '

She nodded "My thanks to Juanito for allowing my—former lover to visit me early '

Carefully Moises put the glass of lemonade upon the table top 'He does not *allow* me to go or come '

'Oh?' Her hair swung over shapely shoulders as she tossed her head ' I thought it was the same as when you allow your fighting roosters to return to their pens The survivors that is "

Moises' hands clenched "It is not the same Inez The roosters were left me by my father I own them '

Her lower lip came out "As your father willed you to old Juanito? Does he own you also?"

"He trained my father he trains me No man *owns* me—and no woman"

She stood up full breasts rising hard against the thin dress skin tight across her cheekbones Every man in Leon owns you

Moises slapped the glass across the patio the crash was satisfying "I fight for money! I was not born rich"

"Neither are the roosters," she said eyes flaming now but with anger You and the roosters will die while other men applaud"

He was on his feet too—close to her breathing the musk of her being singed by the flame "Roosters are *born* to fight '

"No" she said ' Men force them to fight—just as they force *you*"

Inez had denied him a long time and no other woman matched her so he had not gone to the easy ones who waited outside dressing rooms in the big cities She was too close now her small body taut in anger that made her even more beautiful

He suddenly pulled her close slammed her body hard to his in a hunger stronger than himself Her mouth was warm and sweet and shocked never before had he treated her roughly He had always been afraid of his peon roughness of her fragile aristocracy

Basta! Inez tore away her mouth to snarl at him to push him back

'No" he said because she would not see how he needed the money for great machines that would rain shoes money to buy the shop on each side of his father's old place, so there would be room for the machines

She slapped him and Moises put a hand into her hair It was just brushed live and shining He swung her by her hair and Inez went down in spitting fury bronzed legs flashing from the skirt that flowed high upon her hips

It boiled over in him this violence and Moises stooped to catch her ankle as Inez tried to crawl away She kicked at him stabbed fingernails and caught his cheek But he drew her to him pinned her writhing body to the flagstones

She bit him tearing his lip but the pain was sweet as the wild thrashing of her body as he overpowered her Somehow the dress ripped away and somehow she crushed to his bare chest but Inez did not stop fighting Not until the resistance broke from within and the woman wildness of her met his own savagery Then they panted to a mountaintop together clung as the high winds shook them then spun down the far side of the peak only lovers climb

She moved from him slowly almost without spirit Moises touched her hip with gentle fingers "Inez"

She did not pick up her scattered dress but walked erect as some Aztec ancestor walked stiff-backed away from him and into the shadow vastness of the Montoya home

Moises grunted into his own clothing, hurried from the patio and the hilltop before she could return to stare hatred at him He had wanted her but not the thing he had done Inez he thought Inez—and did not see the people of Leon as they stopped in the dusty streets to wish him well

She had compared him to a gamecock and she had been right He'd raped her with no more tenderness than a rooster shows the hen but only because she refused to understand A woman born to money never understands a man's need for it

He bet on the roosters and she did not like that either But he won more than he lost because the Valles strain was good The Valles gamecocks were proud

Roosters were blinded yes and destroyed and fallen in the pits But so seldom this happened to a boxer the comparison was unfair Only this fight with the Yanqui then another far to the north for the championship of the entire world After that he would consider quitting he had told Inez, but she had

(continued on page 74)

STOP BEING EARTHBOUND
Join the Unfeathered Flock

JAYBIRDS ANONYMOUS

INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

1. Please enroll me as a member of JAYBIRDS ANONYMOUS:

Name: _____
First Middle Last

Street Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

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I am in favor of individual freedom of expression, including the exposure of the total body to sun, air, water, family and consenting friends.

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The applicant named above has my full permission and consent to become a member of JAYBIRDS ANONYMOUS.

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Fill in, sign and mail with $1.00 to:
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THE JAYBIRD MYSTIQUE

What are the reasons for being naked?
To take a bath?
To please your husband (or wife)?
To be examined by your doctor?
Or perhaps — To get born?
To earn a model fee?
To get an over-all tan?
All good reasons, if you must have a reason for doing the natural thing.
A JAYBIRD starts from the other end, "Why put anything on?"

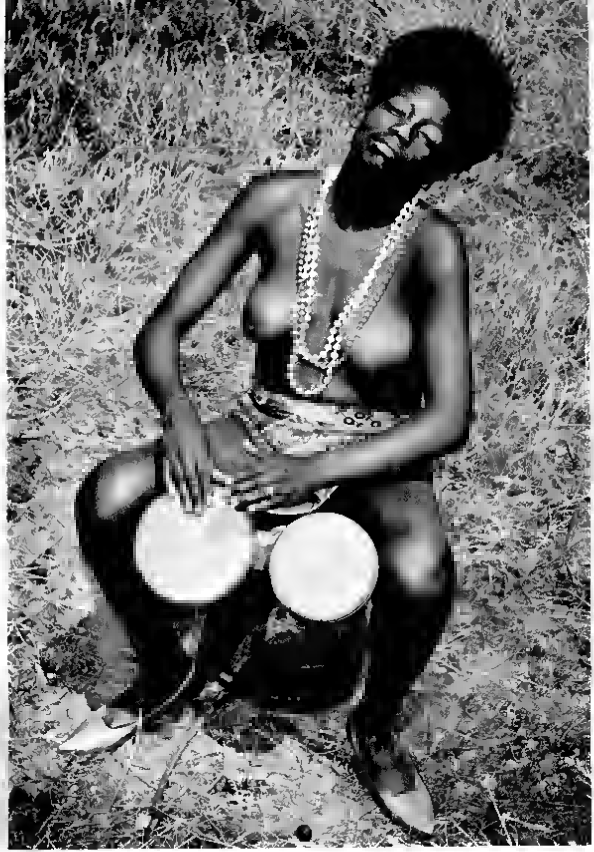
Depending upon the time, place and circumstances, there can be quite a few valid reasons for donning apparel. A JAYBIRD accepts these reasons and the appropriate costumes with grace, but he never forgets that the artificial covering can be discarded as soon as the reason for concealment no longer exists.

This combination of awareness and flexibility is summed up in the JAYBIRDS ANONYMOUS principle:

"I am in favor of individual freedom of expression, including the exposure of the total body to sun, air, water, family and consenting friends."

If you get the impression that the JAYBIRD idea leaves a lot of room for individual interpretation and personal modes of expression — you have the correct impression. That is, in fact, the essence of the JAYBIRD MYSTIQUE — plenty of room for the individual to explore his own capacity for awareness, creativity, vitality and enjoyment of life.

j



lure of the bongo beat

Music and rhythm mean a lot to Mary King but they also have brought her some problems. She's not a very quiet musician and living in a small apartment does make for certain difficult relationships. Mary has never had a lesson in her life, yet she loves to play the bongo drums. It is impossible for her to do this where she lives so she has been forced to take her drums and go to some isolated place in order to practice. Some people might have given up on their playing if faced with a similar problem but Mary really seems to enjoy the trips she makes to the country in order to play her drums.

Mary has learned to relax in the country to a point she never thought possible. Now she looks forward to her weekend trips away from town. Not only is she able to play her drums without fear of bothering her neighbors, but she's gained a great appreciation for nature.

Liz Borden took an axe to her strange frustrations.

Daphne du Maurier created fictional women of deep freeze inclination

THOSE DEEP-

Some startling facts about the increasingly prevalent disorder from which American women seem to be suffering in this age of so-called sexual enlightenment and uninhibited recognition of a basic and fundamental urge.

BY STEPHEN MOORE

Just as medical science has discovered that chronic alcoholism is not a sin but a sickness for which its sufferers should be treated rather than punished, so is it belatedly coming to the conclusion that female hypersexuality better known as nymphomania is a tragic illness that merits similar handling if a cure is to be effected

However the more deeply they delve into the causes of basic human behavior the more they discover about the essential sexual nature of women the more psychiatric authorities are becoming concerned about what have been labeled "secret nymphomaniacs"

The term is not applied to active practicing members of this over athletic sorority After all it is next to impossible for such a nympho to keep her sex life private very long This whether she be the scandal of her high school the city slum block sensation the femme fatale of suburbia or even a great lady

In the last named event, the public airing of the intimate peccadilloes of the Duchess of Argyll in a high court of Scotland when her dueal spouse sued her for divorce put this American born beauty in a public spotlight she has had the utmost difficulty in evading since

Nor in the case of a queen have the multifarious bedroom activities of Russia's Catherine the Great or Madrid's Reina Christina been withheld from the knowledge and disfavor of their subjects Nor were the definitely oversexed behaviors of Napoleon's two empresses his sisters or his stepdaughter effectively masked even during the lives of these lymphatic nymphs

Hence the secret nympho is a woman who has so repressed and rechannelled her super-abundant sex urges until they remain more or less invisible to the world and in many cases to herself as well

Catherine the Great of Russia was very definitely not a deep-freeze neurotic.

FREEZE NYMPHS

Such repression since nature has a way of releasing its vital forces, whether they accumulate inside a volcano or a human female, can be extremely costly not only to the woman herself but to those near and dear to her—co-workers parents children friends, a husband or lover if he exists

Sex repression can give rise to neurosis that may develop into outright insanity It can cause temper tantrums sick headaches backaches personality harshness that may arouse universal detestation

Not infrequently such a secret nympho imagines herself pursued by men who have not even noticed her Many a man has been jailed by such a woman whose self hatred takes the form of violent behavior toward the opposite sex If a man attracts her on the street in a store in a subway anywhere—she may accuse him of rape

Fictionally this type of secret nympho was perfectly expressed by Daphne du Maurier through Mrs Danvers the caretaker in her best selling *Rebecca* and portrayed magnificently on the Hollywood screen by Australian-born Dame Judith Anderson

To return to real life once more, it is probable that another eminent Victorian Lizzie Borden of Fall River Massachusetts was suffering from some form of sexual repression when she picked up the axe and gave her mother and father those famous forty and forty-one whacks respectively

Repressed nymphos in fact can be dangerous—even more so than the untrammelled unrestrained variety

One of the major problems of modern American women is sexual frigidity—at least to judge by the number of studies on this unpleasant subject printed in medical journals to say nothing of the more sensational articles published in virtually every issue of every slick woman's magazine during the past fifteen years

More and more, as they interview greater numbers of supposedly frigid women our psychiatrists are beginning to believe that at least a fair percentage of them are secret nymphos rather than the ice-queens they apparently believe themselves to be

At first professional headshrinkers were reluctant to reach such a decision since they could not believe that such sexual repression could exist on a mass basis in a post-Freudian era

Before World War One, when virginity was in flower mental illness on the part of women suffering from non-existent sex lives was accepted as an inescapable penalty of a rigid sexual-social system

In those days as for generations before, a furious father could literally hurl an erring daughter out of house and home without a dime or a fur in a sub zero snowstorm—and be thought of by his community as a fine upstanding citizen for doing so

This although until recent decades there was but one place a girl in such a dilemma could go for refuge—namely the nearest whore house Small wonder that only the weakest and most venturesome young women above slum level were willing to indulge in the vagaries of normal sex-fulfillment not merely before but even after entrapment in the least satisfactory of marriages

But this sort of thing supposedly vanished beneath the overwhelming pressures of two world wars a big-time boom a depression and a world revolution in the sexual-social as well as in the political sphere

Apart from panic at the prospect of becoming a social outcast two

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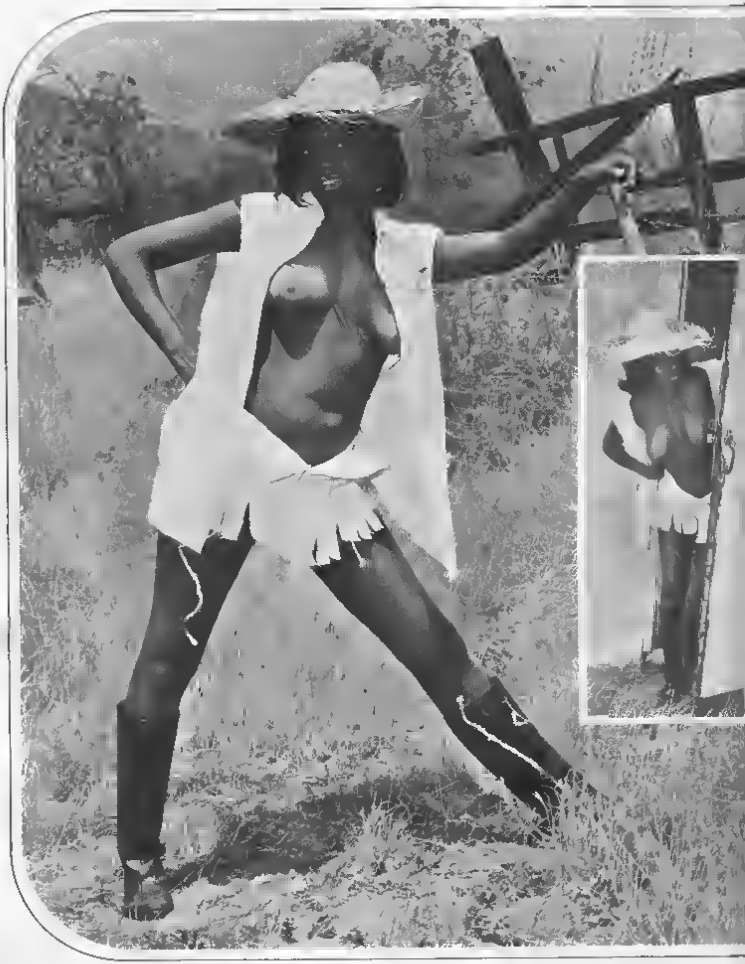


BOOTS and the BARE

We get so many letters asking to see more pix of girls in boots that we thought we'd show you a girl who wears them all the time. She's Beverly Dixon, a real farmer's daughter from Arkansas. She's a livin' doll, too.

Ethel Waters of "Stormy Weather" fame

THE QUEENS OF INDIGO

PAUL WRIGHT

Out of the Southland came a wail and a husky lament that made itself heard around the musical world!

The year was 1920. Jazz had burst upon an astonished world, rolling up like a great tidal wave out of the Mississippi delta out of the plantations and chain gangs, the levees and railroads the speakeasies and honky-tonks of New Orleans, cutting a smoky belt of hot music right up the country's middle It was a brand-new music and it sang out with a brand-new voice to those with ears to hear bellying up out of the rich Mississippi mud, wailing through the night all the way from the Gulf of Mexico to the Great Lakes

The intellectuals and purists looked down their noses at the new music, called it 'savage" and 'primitive " but in smart society cafes from London England to Louisiana, the people were too busy doing the cakewalk and tapping their feet to ragtime rhythms to listen Still these people hadn t heard the real jazz, the lowdown call of the blues that was the true lifeblood of jazz The only place you could hear the real blues then was in the dives and clubs clustered around the Mississippi river-towns, where it poured out into the night with a pulsating, searing frenzy, sobbing, laughing and shouting with the joys and sorrows of living

The blues weren't like the spirituals The spirituals sang of men and women and the troubles they d seen the way the blues did but they carried a built in message of faith, offered the balm of a better life to come In contrast, the blues held out no such hope They were a secular commentary on life They usually focused on the joys and sorrows of love and they told it with a blunt unsentimental truthfulness, often tinged with a sardonic wit The concern of the blues was the here and now not the hereafter For every man who'd ever been played for a sucker by his woman for every woman who d been two-timed by her man for everyone who'd found that you live to love again and that it s always better 'the second time around '—well, the blues was their music the blues was written for them

The first blues ever to be put on a phonograph record was recorded by a singer named Mamie Smith in 1920 Mamie had her own touring group known as Mamie Smith's Jazz Hounds and she recorded dozens of blues for Okeh the most famous of which was her *Crazy Blues* Mamie had a racy raggy style of blues-singing which came to be known as "urban" style, and was very popular at the time.

The record companies were only just beginning to awake to the full potential of the blues and the rich market that lay virtually untapped in the huge urban communities like New York's Harlem and Chicago's South Side

It was on a hot night in Selma Alabama in the year 1922 that the recording director for Columbia Frank Walker first heard the voice of a blues singer who was destined to become the 'Empress of the Blues' Walker was anxious to record some authentic 'country blues in contrast to the slick urban blues of Mamie Smith and others and he struck pay dirt in an obscure club in Selma's entertainment district The name of his find was Bessie Smith

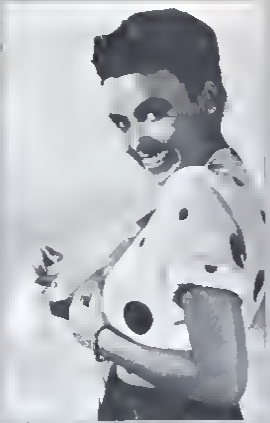
Bessie, then in her late twenties was a big, tall handsome woman—

Billie Holiday, thrush of jazz gals

"all the femaleness the world ever saw in one sweet package" as a later admirer of hers, jazzman Milton Mezz Mezzrow, was to describe her in his autobiography *Really The Blues* 'She was tall and brown-skinned, with great big dimples creasing her cheeks dripping good looks—just this side of voluptuous, buxom and massive, but stately too shapely as a hour glass, with a high-voltage magnet for a personality When she was in a room her vitality flowed out like a cloud and stuffed the air till the walls bulged"

Bessie, born in Chattanooga in 1894 had been raised in the most brutal of Southern poverty which hadn't affected her lust for life and her desire to be an entertainer While she was still in her teens, a touring group known as Ma Rainey's Rabbit Foot Minstrels passed through Chattanooga, and Bessie joined the troup under Ma's wing. Ma Rainey was herself a pioneer blues singer, and taught Bessie many of the tricks of the trade For years Bessie worked the honky tonks carnivals and traveling tent shows before striking out on her own It was shortly after this that Frank Walker discovered her and elevated her to national success He sent pianist-composer Clarence Williams to find Bessie and bring her back to New York City She recorded her first session on Feb 17 1923, accompanied by Williams By the end of her first year as a recording artist Bessie Smith had sold over two million records (an astonishing figure for those days) had star billing on Milton Starr's vaudeville circuit, and was well on her way to becoming one of the greatest entertainers of her time

Ma Rainey (Gertrude Malissa Nix



Lena Horne, the great singer of songs

Mildred Bailey, sultry velvet-voiced.

Pearl Bailey, the first "St Louis Woman

Pridgett) hadn't been exactly twiddling her thumbs while her protege rose to national stardom Paramount grabbed her in 1923, and she recorded almost 100 sides, accompanied by 'Lovey' Austin's Serenaders She had a simple, gutty, direct way with the blues which brought her wide popularity but she was no Bessie Smith Bessie was her emulator and pupil who outshone her in all respects Ma had taught Bessie—and Bessie lived to put her in second place Such are the caprices of fate.

Paramount also threw another superlative blues singer Ida Cox into the fray and Ida made it big, but not so big as Bessie Bessie outsold them all with her special brand of appeal She had the looks she had the lungs and a heart bigger than either Between 1923 and 1927 she recorded with such jazz greats as Louis Armstrong James P Johnson and Fletcher Henderson.

What was it like to hear Bessie Smith sing, and see her in person? According to those who saw and heard her it was a memorable experience They say that in her prime, when she was belting out the blues in Chicago's Paradise Gardens on 35th near Calumet that you could hear her all the way down the block And inside the club traffic-jammed and jam packed by all the cats and their kittens blocking up the sidewalk," Bessie hypnotized her audience by the majestic power of the voice that came throbbing out of her throat and walloping the ear-drums of her listeners, engulfing them in her joy her sorrow her love

'When I was a nothin but a
child when I was a nothin
but a child

(continued on page 30)

PICNIC ON THE WILD SIDE

Most of us treasure the memories of our youth and particularly the memories of those long-ago jaunts to the country when we enjoyed all the fun and frolic of a fine, lush picnic feast. Frankly, Cid Baker and her roommate, Gigi Ellis, are no different. They both enjoy a day out in the open and the great feeling of well-being that eating a picnic lunch can give them. That is one of the reasons why they make it a point to get out of the confines of their apartment at least once every month or so.

When Cid and Gigi pack a picnic lunch and head out to the country they leave all their cares and worries behind. The day away from the city is for nothing but fun and frolic

Although not a musician by any stretch of imagination Gigi usually brings a toy banjo along on these picnic trips and the two girls may sing a few songs before they finally sit down to eat their lunch. Then they will wander around the woods playing all sorts of games that they make up at the spur of the moment and finally when the light begins to fade will head back to the city. But the day isn't over for them yet. On these picnic days they usually take in a movie on the way home. That way they round out the day and are ready for their jobs on Monday morning. The girls say that their picnics are grand. We believe them too!

All you men tried to drive me wild
Now I'm growin' old, now I am growin' old,
And I got what it takes to get all of you men told,
My momma says I'm reckless, my daddy says I'm wild
My momma says I'm reckless my daddy says I'm wild
I ain't good lookin' but I'm somebody's angel child
Daddy momma wants some lovin' daddy, momma wants some huggin'

Bessie sang the *Reckless Blues*, the *Downhearted Blues* the *Cemetery Blues*, *Bleedin' Hearted*, *Midnight Blues* and the earthy *Put It Right There*

"I've had a man for fifteen year, give him his room and board,
Once he was like a Cadillac now he's like an old worn-out Ford
He never brought me a lousy dime and put it in my hand
So there'll be some changes from now on according to my plan"

And when she sang *Nobody Knows You When You're Down And Out* it hit them right in the heart and in the guts because Bessie told it the way it was

Mezz Mezzrow tells how he heard Bessie sing one night and she came over to his table with the great jazz clarinetist Jimmy Noone Mezz asked her would she do *Cemetery Blues* for him and Bessie burst out laughing "Boy" she said "what you studyin' bout a cemetery for? You ought to be out in the park with some pretty chick"

That was the way Bessie Smith was—warm, fun-loving generous and big-hearted. Her popularity began to tail off in the late twenties, due partly to her addiction to alcohol, partly to the poor material she was using in her recordings and partly to a change in the public taste. She struggled on for some years finally dying as the result of an automobile crash in 1937

But Bessie had put the blues on the map and carved out a way for a whole generation of blues singers who followed her

"I represent the Acme Diaper Service. I hear you have quite a way with the ladies."

There was Ethel Waters "Sweet Mama Stringbean" in her youth who was a popular recording artist in the twenties on Black Swan and Columbia and who later gained nation-wide acceptance in revues like *Rhapsody in Black* and movies such as *Cabin In The Sky*

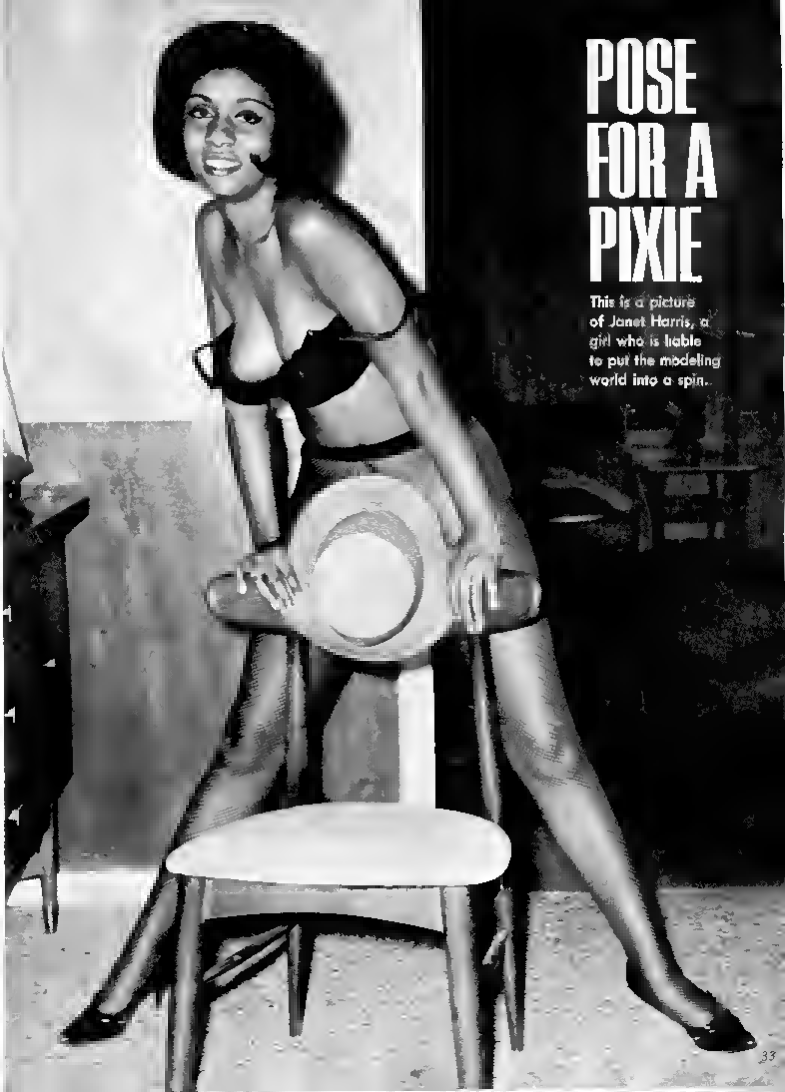
There was the tragic Billie Holiday (Eleanor Gough McKay), known as "Lady Day" whose coarse yet warmly emotional voice exquisite in its shading and nuances, was racked in her later years by endless and hopeless battles with drug addiction

There was Pearl Bailey the "St Louis Woman" of the 46 Broadway musical of the same name, Mildred *(What Kind O' Man Is You?)* Bailey, velvet voiced Maxine Sullivan, the great Ella Fitzgerald, Lena *(Stormy Weather)* Horne with a voice that dripped honey one moment and could cut diamonds the next svelte Peggy Lee (nee Norma Dolores Egstrom) mistress of the "cool school" of blues, the gutty-voiced Dinah Washington, "sweet and sassy" Sarah Vaughan, blonde earthy Barbara Dane whose style evokes memories of the great Bessie Smith, buxom Pat Yankee (Patricia Millicent Weigum), a blues belter who has delighted crowds in San Francisco and Las Vegas for years and many others, too numerous to mention

Today the blues are as alive as ever and the husky lament that first wailed out of the warm Mississippi night may be echoed in Stockholm Sydney or Tokyo, for wherever men and women experience the spontaneous joys and wracking sorrows of love and its attendant hungers the blues have a message and a meaning

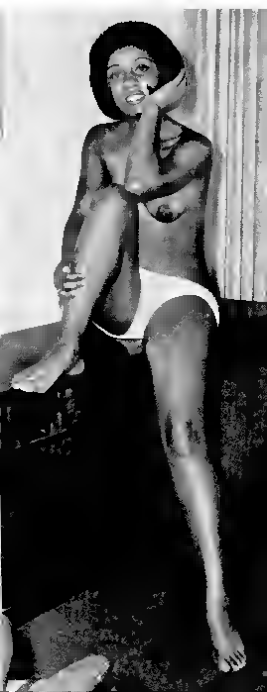
Perhaps no one will recapture the excitement and frenzy generated by the great Bessie Smith in her performances but who can tell? Maybe a second "Empress of the Blues" is waiting in the wings to speak for all the lovers and the love lorn of this world the way Bessie did when she sang

"See that long lonesome road
Lawd you know it's gotta end.
And I'm a good woman and I can get plenty men."

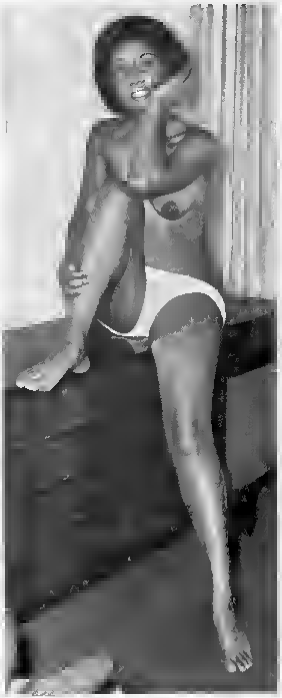


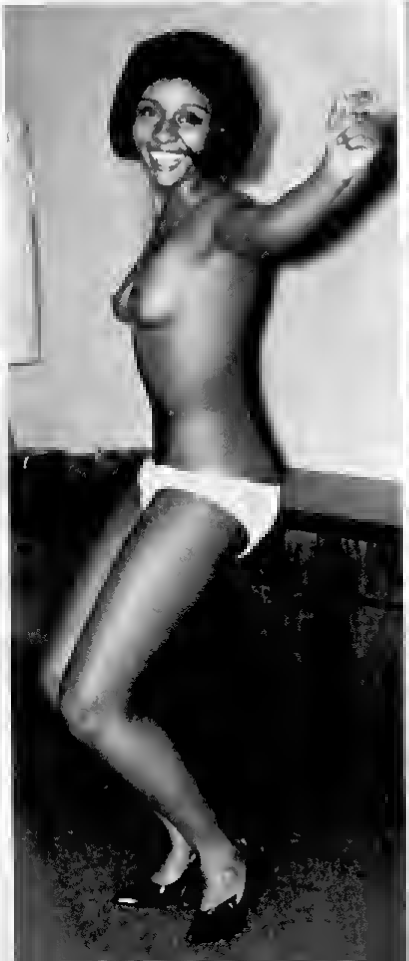
POSE FOR A PIXIE

This is a picture of Janet Harris, a girl who is liable to put the modeling world into a spin.



Janet has only been a professional model for a few months now, but already reports are coming in from several photographers about that "certain something" she is able to project when in front of a camera. Some have labeled it an ability to add a real warmth to a piece of film, others have called it Janet's fey "pixie" quality.





But whotever this "certoin something" moy be, there can be na daubt that Janet's gat it and in quantities af plenty. From the laaks af her schedule for the next three months, it would seem that she is well on her way to a very successful modeling career that could last far several yeors. The funny part af the whale thing is thot Jonet doesn't want ta remain o madel. Instead, she is anxiaus to break into show business. She hapes to be able to get a jab in Las Vegas saan and fram there may even ga an taur ta France. The madeling is just a stepping stane far her career in the meantime.

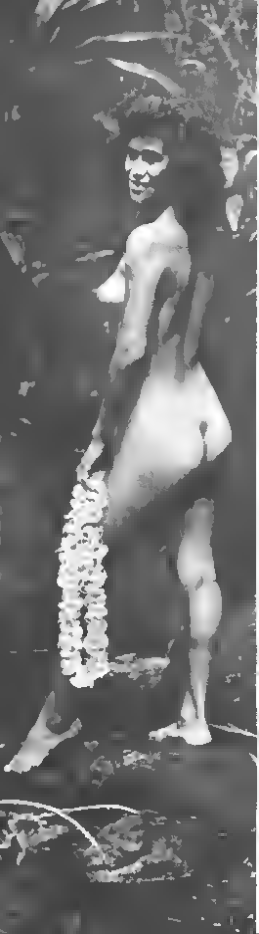
Captain James Cook (above) and his men discovered an island paradise of women like those pictured at right.

LOVE IN THE TROPICS

The island belles were beautiful, young and willing and the 70 British sailors had been at sea without women for six months.

BY PHILIP WILSON

Every schoolboy has heard of Captain James Cook, the English sea captain, explorer and cartographer of vast areas of the South Pacific. The history books, however, customarily omit any detailed reference to the events that took place on the island of Tahiti from April through July, 1796, after Cook's ship



the *Endeavour* laid anchor in the harbor of that lush tropical paradise We are indebted to Cook who maintained a fairly complete ship's leg and one of his passengers a wealthy naturalist and *bon vivant* named Joseph Banks for a true account of the nautical escapades that took place on Tahiti in the spring of 69

This was by no means the Tahitians first encounter with white men The French explorer Bougainville had been there the year before for a thirteen-day stay and another British ship the *Dolphin* had stayed for five weeks with a 400 man crew in 1767 But Cook's three month stay was the first effective penetration of the island and this momentous contact between the white-skinned sailors and the dark islanders was an irrevocable turning point in Pacific history It established Tahiti's reputation in Europe and may well have been more instrumental in building recruitment for the European navies of the following century than any number of appeals to patriotic sentiment

Cook's primary mission was scientific—he carried orders to observe the transit of Venus across the sun and to chart the island The self-appointed mission of his seventy crewmen however was anything but scientific once they had observed the local Venuses—and they evidently had ideas of their own concerning what should be charted

Tahiti at this time was completely unspoiled and unexploited and probably the most beautiful island in the world—in more ways than one The *Endeavour* had sailed from Plymouth nine months before making but one short stop at Rio de Janeiro and to the eyes of Cook's sailors, weary of their cramped quarters and the long months at sea the island girls looked beautiful beyond their dreams

It is from the extensive and pithy journal of the diarist Banks that we learn of the native girls fine smooth skins often not much browner than a southern European's of their dark liquid eyes the flowers in their long black hair and the friendly smiles with which they welcomed the English sailors—most of whom were accustomed to the dubious delights

of English servant girls and Plymouth prostitutes

There were minor imperfections, of course even in these young island levelies Banks faithfully records the fact that their noses were just a little too flat for the English taste that there was a tendency to fatness among the older girls and women that their legs buttocks and torsos were disfigured by tatooing (pricked into the skin with a sharp bone to which lampblack had been applied) and that the coconut oil with which they anointed their bodies had a distressing tendency to turn rancid after awhile Basically though, they were a clean healthy race They washed often plucked the hair from under their armpits and always were spotless clothes

Cook and his men were welcomed ashore by the friendly islanders and set about building a fort and stocking it with provisions for a protracted stay Cook quickly found himself faced with the same problem other captains before him had faced and that Bligh of the *Bounty* was later to face how to control a hundred odd sailors who have been starved of female companionship for nine months and who are suddenly turned loose into the midst of a population of thousands of beautiful young and innocent native girls

As it turned out the Tahitians were somewhat less innocent than European anthropologists generally gave them credit for We are told by the *Endeavour's* diarist that one of the islanders first acts upon arrival of the English vessel in Matavai Bay was to line the beach with "a good many fine young girls" who smiled and beckoned to the watching mariners swaying their hips seductively

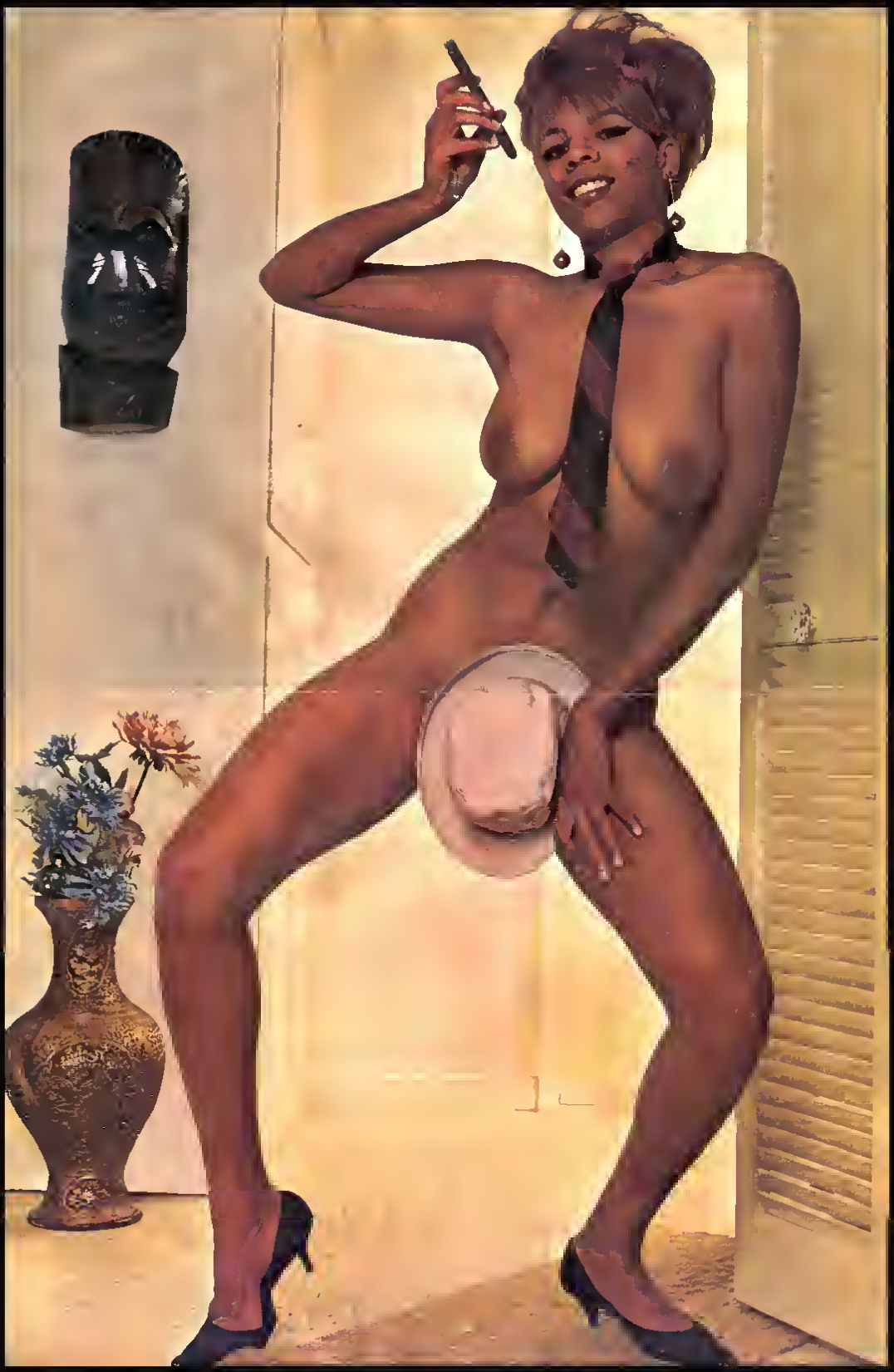
The Tahitians knew of course, that the English ship was well stocked with precious goods—hatchets, pistols, muskets leather beads and clothing—and there is no reason to doubt that this display of their own most precious commodity —Tahitian womanhood—was offered as an inducement to barter For we learn upon observing the favorable reaction of the *Endeavour's* crew the natives "commodity the young girls play a great many droll tricks —the chief of which was to

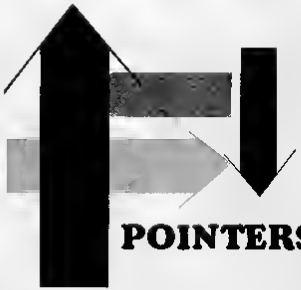
(continued on page 62)

SWINGIN' WITH SUZIE

Mod's the word for Suzie Adams ond she digs the mod scene oll the way. Not only is she hip to the lotest styles in clothing, but she digs the new sounds ond the whole bag. Besides thot, Suzie wonts to do the mod scene one better by storting her own styles. Thot's one reoson why she went out to get herself o suit of men's clothes.

Suzie's thinking of making herself a new suit of mod clothing by cutting down a real man's suit just to fit her. She's even gone so far as to get a hat and tie to go with her new outfit. If the idea works, Suzie knows that she will out-mod even the English who are the taps in the mod movement. But never think that Suzie wants to wear that new suit all the time. She likes the short skirts and the hip hose, too, because they make her look so very chic and feminine. And, after all, any mod chick wants to look feminine!





Some advice for the young man about town that is a must for the hip set / BY BRYAN FULTON

POINTERS FOR A BACHELOR PAD

Cleaning up a bachelor apartment after a party the night before usually goes a lot faster late the following afternoon when your hangover is nearly gone

Coffee is usually through perking when you can smell the handle of the perculator burning

To get a girlfriend to do some chores around your bachelor apartment promising to marry her comes after wheedling and needling

It's always the unexpected guests who bring guests of their own in for drinks that keeps your budget fiscally unfit.

Satin sheets are the most romantic bedware going but they're also the most expensive to replace after they get cigarette burns in them

It takes a lot of romantic experience for a bachelor to realize that a new girl's beauty is just as detachable as a current girlfriend's is

A bachelor's sewing kit never has the right color thread in it when a girl wants to shorten the straps on her slip

Martinis mixed by a new girlfriend who is trying to make an impression don't ever seem to taste right

Articles of feminine wear are never discovered in corners around a bachelor apartment until they are found by a current girlfriend at the most embarrassing moment

Candlelight dinners in a bachelor apartment are always interrupted by an ex girlfriend who forgot to turn in her key and always bursts in after having had too much to drink which always puts her in the mood for love

Being a gourmet isn't worth the time it takes to clean up the kitchen Also you can waste too much good liquor making the sauces

Over-night female guests always change everything around in the apartment so that you can't find anything when you want it

Eating out is expensive but eating in is work

There is always one jerk at every party you have in your apartment who knows enough about liquor to know that you've filled some expensive bottles with cheap whiskey and he likes nothing more than to tell everybody about it in a loud voice

Nothing will interrupt a love affair like some movers coming after furniture you've forgotten to make the payments on

After spending an hour to maneuver a girl onto the couch so you can neck with her a phone call from a drunken friend always breaks it up and by the time you get rid of him the girl is always out of the mood

When a girl visits you and you take her coat and purse to put in the closet the weight of her purse will always give a clue as to whether she's carrying a gun or a blackjack in it

If you forget to lock your door at night sleepwalking girls from other apartments can scare you out of a year's growth until you get used to it

Girls in a creative mood can do more damage to an apartment in five minutes than you can repair in a year

A candlelight dinner for you and your secretary alone in your apartment is sometimes better than having to give her a raise in salary

After answering three "Disturbing the Peace" calls from parties in your apartment the police will keep such a close eye on your place that you won't have much fun from then on

Wives of close friends who use your bachelor apartment as a home away from home are apt to get gabby about it if you ever get into a fight with them

Girls who walk in throw their arms around you and drag you over to the couch aren't very good conversationalists

You and a gorgeous girl can stand around so long waiting for everybody else to leave your apartment after a party that by the time everybody else has gone you're both too tired

A rainy weekend in a bachelor apartment can sometimes lead to a paternity suit

If you happen to have too much to drink and come home and walk into the wrong apartment accidentally go into the bathroom and surprise a shapely blonde drying herself after a shower a good way to introduce yourself is to say 'I love you!'

The living room of a bachelor apartment is not a good place for two of your girlfriends to get acquainted

Your lease forbids peepholes bored with a brace-and bit into the next apartment no matter how gorgeous the girl is who lives there

The best time for an angry husband to break down your door and come roaring into your apartment is when his wife s not there

Articles of feminine apparel which have been left in your apartment for over one year can be considered as unclaimed and therefore can be thrown away

Nothing will cure the hiccups like opening your door to disclose a former girlfriend holding a baby in her arms

It takes about four hours with all the windows open to clear the scent of a girl's perfume out of an apartment when a girl who wears a different kind is coming to see you

The highest compliment you can pay a girl is to turn off the television turn off the lights and turn on your charm If she's too dumb to realize this cross her off your visiting list

Some girls who come to your apartment to cook dinner for you are excellent cooks but man cannot live by bread alone.

A few articles of lingerie found in your laundry hamper don't take too much more time when you toss your own laundry into the washing machine

Getting stuck in the elevator between floors with a shapely redhead on the floor above you can lead to sleepless nights and daydreaming over your desk at work

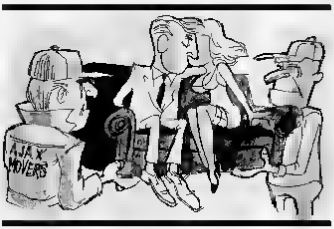
At a New Year's Eve party in your apartment, if you go out before the Old Year does there will be one girl at the party who will not only be very disappointed but who will probably send for her things the next day

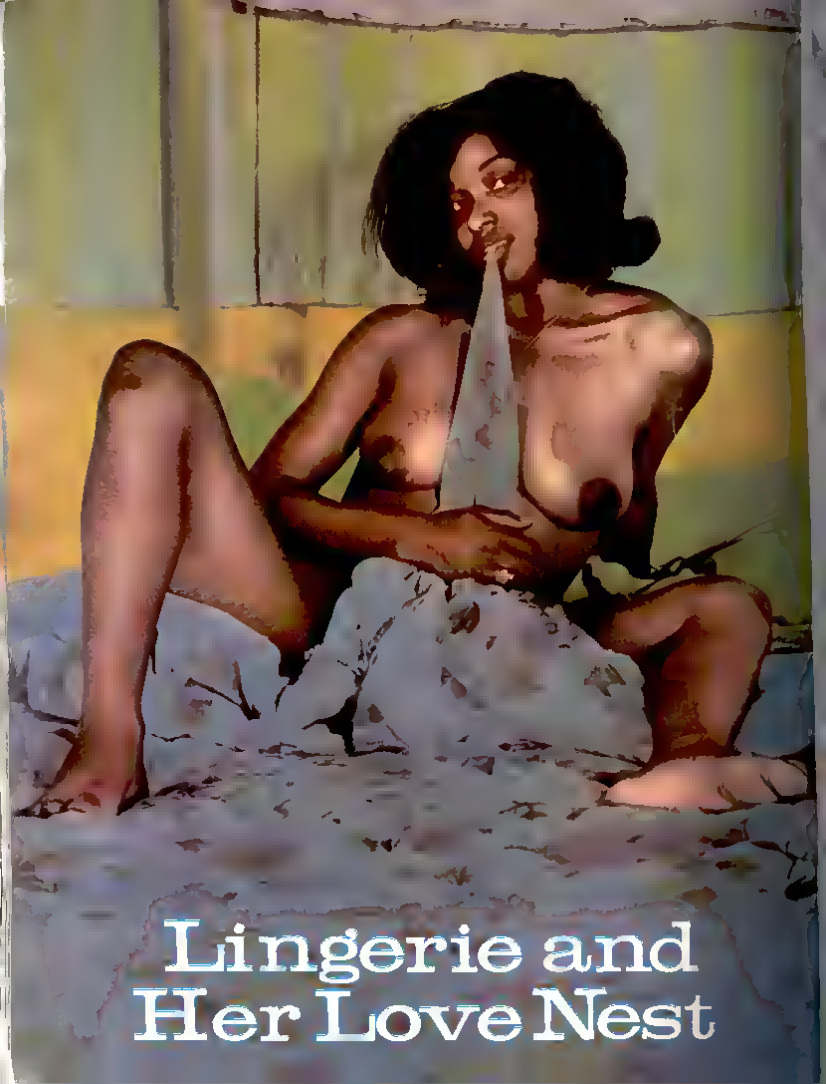
A certain number of stamps on the floor by the blonde who lives upstairs as a signal that her husband has gone bowling for the evening is a good signal for you to go up to her apartment as long as you remember the right number of stamps

Nothing can provide more entertainment at a party in your apartment than a shapely girl with a 42-inch bust measurement who has the hiccups

The only real requisite a man has to have to keep a bachelor apartment running the way it should is that he be handy with money

9




Lingerie and
Her Love Nest

Anna likes her new apartment so much that she wants to devote a great deal of thought to furnishing it

The new apartment's not really so big or lavish but Anna Young really likes it That's why she calls it a love nest

Then, after all the work on the apartment is finished, Anna is determined to go out and get herself all of the nice feminine clothes she wants to wear When the entire project is finished it will really be a case of lingerie and a pretty love nest

Anna has begun to decorate her bedroom already by installing a canopy bed and a very femmine dressing table. Now she has to do the big room.

She wants to do the apartment in as delicate, and as feminine, a way as she can so it will be something that she can really be proud of if, and when, she is in the mood to invite her friends

BY PAT WELCH

HAITI

OUI-OUI

RUM, COFFEE AND A BUMPER CROP OF BEAUTIES MAKE THIS FABLED LAND A MUST FOR MEN WHO LIKE A SPICY LIFE IN THE WARM SUN

Ask anyone what the name Haiti conjures up and you're liable to get answers ranging from witch doctors black magic and human sacrifices to rum and Coca-Cola, to weekly revolutions

All these answers have an element of truth in them though they don't tell the whole story Voodoo is still practiced on the island and according to recent reports is making a steady comeback—though humans aren't sacrificed anymore just cocks sheep pigs and goats

Raw, potent, white rum is the island's staple alcoholic beverage—though they fix it with grapefruit juice not Coke

And as for revolutions Haiti's had its share—though it hasn't had a real bang up revolution since 1800 (That one was a dilly by the way The slaves rose and butchered the entire white population and the beaches are said to have run red with blood That's when Napoleon who owned the island at the time said Let's give it back to the Africans' and Haiti became the first all-black republic of modern times) Haiti isn't likely to have another revolution for a while, though, because Papa Doc doesn't dig that kind of jazz He's the President for Life, Francois Duvalier former doctor and excommunicated Catholic who watches the street parades at carnival time with a carbine in his hands and his *Tonton Macoutes* — literally bogeymen — surrounding him

Papa Doc likes his flock to play it cool—which is a little difficult since Haiti gets hotter than Hades and this brings out a lot of primitive passions in the populace.

It isn't only the heat that accounts for the hot blooded Haitian charac-

In Haiti's major city, young girls are still traditionally casual

Francois (Papa Doc) Duvalier is Haiti's absolute dictator

Dancing in the streets at carnival time in Port-au-Prince

ter though The blood of several races courses through Haitian veins mainly African mixed with French and Spanish with a dash of Portuguese South American and Indian thrown in to add spice to the mixture Little wonder that Haiti has been referred to as "the cocktail shaker of the West Indies"

Don t get the idea from the foregoing that Haiti is a forbidding or an unsafe place for a vacation Haiti doesn t forbid travelers or tourists—it loves to have them—and it s perfectly safe as long as you don t try to start a revolution (Papa Doc wouldn t like it) As a matter of fact you'll probably get the royal treatment for Haiti is a poor country and desperately needs Uncle Sam s dollars So the cost of living is low and in addition Haiti is no further from the U S than Los Angeles is from the Oregon border

It s a wonder fact that more Americans don t go there for vacations The main reason probably is that American women cajole and coerce their menfolk into taking them to Hawaii which costs a lot more than Haiti and is a lot less exciting But maybe the women prefer it that way

As for the heat sure it gets hot in Haiti—everything s hotter and a lot more spicy down there than stateside—including the food So you can dress light and eat bacon and eggs and filet in the swank hotels and restaurants if you so desire—but it s a lot more fun to "go native" You can stroll along the streets of Port-au-Prince the capital any hour of the day or night stripping sugar cane peeling tree ripe bananas crunching on bits of fried pork Everyone else is doing it the food is sold on every corner and it s cheap—so why not?

Combine your mobile snack with some girl-watching if you like you're sure to be doing the latter anyway once you've seen what Haiti has to offer in this department

Thirty years ago an American traveler in Haiti described the girl-watching scene thus Two island girls strolled slowly along the road below and gazed at me—the white stranger—with ogling curiosity Whenever my glance met theirs they giggled with amusement and pleasure With typical French coquettishness they let the tops of their dresses slip down from their shoulders showing their beautiful sleek dark bodies Then they laughed and performed a little dance moving and swaying their hips enticingly while watching my reaction After that they turned and headed for their huts turning their heads back at me every so often as if inviting me to come down from the high road and get better acquainted

This kind of thing doesn t happen so much anymore (Papa Doc doesn t like it) but the Haitian girls are still a gay carefree natural fun loving bunch of femmes—more so than the average American female you run into who seems to size up your probable age status height weight race religious belief job potentiality heart condition and bank balance before deciding whether it s "camp" to flirt with you or not—and whether it will advance her cause in life

The French had a word for it—or rather three—*ooh-la-la tres jolie* and *magnifique*—which describe the Haitian belles to perfection Whether they're peasant girls carrying produce on their heads down the hills

into town or the witty, sophisticated women of the elite, who sport the latest Parisian fashions ride in chauffeured Cadillacs and high heel it around the smart downtown stores Haitian girls are among the world's rarest and loveliest creations

Carnival time is the real time to visit Haiti, though, for that's when Haitians regardless of their social status let off steam and get rid of their inhibitions Shades of Africa and Voodoo—never very far below the surface in the Black Republic—are given free rein in this pre-Lenten carnival which is wilder than the Mardi *fasching* and makes our New Orleans Mardi Gras festival seem like a Sunday school picnic The streets are hung with thousands of tiny kerosene lamps—trays of cakes and candies are borne aloft by the dancing bands—drums beat out a throbbing rhythm and bamboo *vaccines* utter their hoarse piping—while the poor and the elite gather together in one crushing jostling wildly excited mass of humanity bent upon exorcising their fears and indulging all their pent-up desires The keynote of the whole affair is that of *degusement*—disguise—and if one is sufficiently disguised anything is permitted (it's OK with Papa Doc)

Or if you're so inclined you can take in a cock-fight This is Haiti's national sport but if you're squeamish or can't stand the sight of blood you'd better avoid it In this particular form of amusement two trained, fighting cocks are placed in a pit and sometimes tied to stones to prevent their escape They proceed to have at it and the contest ends when one bird has been pecked gouged and gored into submission—and usually death—by its opponent The triumphant cock is then held on high by its owner while the spectators cheer and winning bets are paid off

Cocks are also used in Voodoo ceremonies, where their fate is even less pleasant than in the cock-fights At the Voodoo rites, the roosters are losers every time The girl chosen as the Voodoo queen gets the bird (literally) carries it around in her hands as she conducts a wild, orgiastic dance then, at the height of her performance the hapless cock is decapitated by one blow of a machete and the dancer thrusts its neck into her mouth and consumes the blood All those present get their share too and as many as four or five cocks may be sacrificed in one night There's no future to being a rooster in Haiti Such performances are conducted in the strictest secrecy and take place in the island interior far from prying eyes of Western reporters To the Haitian participants they have a religious significance and are invested with the deepest symbolic meaning

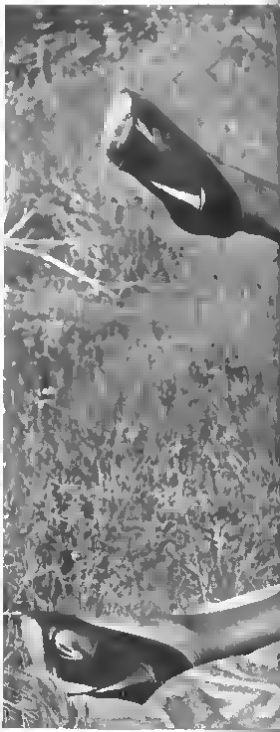
Somewhat less symbolic at least to Western eyes is the manner in which rum and fruit juices are consumed and pressed onto the women—who rapidly lose their inhibitions and indulge in orgiastic dances with the men The scenes that follow would probably shock all but the most sophisticated of Western sightseers—but such scenes are rarely, if ever witnessed by outsiders

What is much more likely—and more pleasant—is that the tourist will witness the rhythmic abilities of Haitian girls in the national dance known as La Merinque ' This is a kind of tortured tango accompanied by maraccas and marimbas in which the partners dance closely together and generate a form of spontaneous combustion Haitian girls will teach it to you with pleasure—but don't try it unless you're prepared to forget your return ticket to the States Haitian girls have a natural sense of rhythm and the things they can do to a rumba beat—and your resistance—are legendary

Yes Haiti is a fascinating place—and for girl-happy males who can't jet off to far flung lands at the drop of an airline commercial, it's just the place for a change of pace. And unless you keep your eyes closed you're sure to take in a variety of viewpoints that will not only provide a good idea of the shape of things in other parts of the world than your own bailiwick but will also prove that pretty girls are pretty much the same all over—and thank heaven they are

"Thanks, son — We'll take it from here"


HER
STRIP
IN THE
SUN



On the first warm day of spring Fran likes to start getting out in the open She loves to be in the hot sun and literally lives in the open air all summer long The only sad part of her life is in the fall when she is forced to go back inside light a fire and wait for the winter to end again But Fran hopes she won t have to continue this cycle forever She is saving her money planning to take a trip out west to California Then she ll be able to bask in the sun all year around and won t have to worry about those chilling Minnesota winters that can be so bitter We hope she makes it She ll be a grand addition to the state of California.

drop their brightly-colored toga-like robes to their waists Just to make sure that the Englishmen understood the terms of their bargaining, the Tahitian men had a young girl come on board and drop her sarong-like skirt to the deck while they indicated with unequivocal gestures in what manner the crew might form a better acquaintance with her ashore

An even more explicit display occurred some days later It was on a Sunday after divine service had been performed in one of the tents within the fort On stepping outside the gates Cook relates, he and a number of crewmen witnessed an odd scene.' in which a young Tahitian male over six feet tall "lay with a little girl about ten or twelve years of age' in the presence of and with the approval of the queen of the island Obarea and several of the higher-born Tahitian women

Again there is no cause to doubt that this performance was staged for the benefit of the *Endeavour's* crew. leaving them to draw their own conclusions Cook himself appears to have been less shocked at this public display of Tahitian morals than one might have supposed commenting that it appeared to be done "more from custom than lewdness" —as was the case

The Tahitians had a fairly strict class structure, but promiscuity was widely practiced among the middle and lower classes and young girls from about the age of ten onwards made love readily and without qualms of modesty (they were amused, we are told, at the English sailors' desire to retire privately into the woods)

Furthermore human sacrifice and probably cannibalism to a limited extent were practiced as also was the strangulation of infants at birth by the upper classes who also indulged in indiscriminate free love and practiced infanticide as a means of keeping their sect exclusive.

The British sailors probably could hardly believe their eyes—or their good fortune—at the scene staged outside the fort gates that Sunday which set the pace for the remainder of their stay on the island Cook took a tolerant view of the ensuing hanky-panky, his official reports were couched in correctly prudish terms (such as his references to the Tahitian dances and conversation between the sexes as being "most indecent") but in practice he allowed his men to fraternize with the native girls whenever the opportunity arose, even permitting them to spend the night on board ship His attitude seems to have been that after all sailors will be sailors and that his men had been subject to extraordinary provocation

One of the more amusing facts about Cook's stay on Tahiti illustrates perhaps how prices rise to meet demand—or how even the most naive of children soon discovers that there is more profit in selling orangeade at one penny per cup than giving it away It was common knowledge that the native girls were prepared to make love at any time for the most trifling of gifts the previous visit of the *Dolphin* had established that the 'going price' was one ordinary ship's carpenter's nail, which the Tahitians valued above gold In the case of the *Endeavour* prices had risen, and the girls were now demanding two and even three nails instead of one This led to a nail shortage on the ship since the crew were stockpiling nails as fast as they could lay hands on them even removing them from the ship's planks At this point Cook had to step in and as an example to the rest of the men he ordered one seaman, Archibald Wolf to receive two dozen lashes for stealing a large quantity of nails from the ship's storeroom

Life however was not one endless sailor's dream—even though as Banks observed it was 'the truest picture of Arcadia of which we were to be kings that the imagination can form' Cook worked his men extremely hard surveying the island building the fort and engaging in a dozen other hard physical tasks and there were many squabbles and arguments over the girls and between the Europeans and the natives

One of the worst problems was that the islanders were incapable of keeping their hands off the Europeans private property Like small boys they were given to robbing the orchard indeed it was almost a point of honor with them to rob and not get found out Only the force of firearms could dissuade them from stealing and when firearms were used as they inevitably had to be, and some of the natives were wounded or killed delicate diplomacy was required to prevent further bloodshed or worse a full-scale native uprising

But Cook was a just as well as a stern man and on at least one occasion he meted out a swift retribution for one of his crew's wrongdoing The culprit was the *Endeavour's* butcher, who was threatening to cut the throat of a Tahitian chief's wife for refusing to part with a stone axe he wanted Cook ordered the butcher stripped and tied to the ship's rigging then in the presence of the chief and his wife had him flogged with the cat o' nine tails The man's howls rose over the Tahitians protests but Cook ordered the flogging to continue He was not a man to brook disorderly conduct, no matter from what quarter it came

Inevitably the time came for the *Endeavour's* departure from Tahitian waters and a tearful farewell it was when on July 13th at 10 00 in the morning the ship weighed anchor The Tahitians had become attached to the Englishmen and at least two of the ship's crew had fled into the hills, taking Tahitian wives with them Cook true to form sent a search party after the two men, had them brought back and flogged as deserters—and the incident was forgotten

As far as Cook was concerned the object of his mission was accomplished and on the whole he could congratulate himself He had established Tahiti as a useful port of call made friends with the Tahitians and gathered some valuable scientific information—not to mention some notable facts about the brown skinned islanders way of life

As far as the seventy British sailors were concerned they too had reason to congratulate themselves—and the stories of their Tahitian exploits no doubt rang through the pubs of Plymouth and along the Thames over many a tankard of ale in the years that followed their return

CONGRATULATIONS

I just finished reading your wonderful magazine, CLOUD 9

I've read hundreds upon hundreds of all kinds of magazines up to date and I found this magazine one of the most enjoyable that I have ever read

The models and colored photographs are outstanding Especially the photo of Nancy Thomas which appears on page 41 She is really a beautiful woman and should be on the centerfold

I'm looking forward to buying your next issue of CLOUD 9

J H /New Orleans, La

SANDY S FAN

In CLOUD 9 Vol 2 No 4 your feature on Sandy Rogers is really great This girl has some face and figure! I would like to see more of her in future editions She would be great as the centerfold feature in color CLOUD 9 is a great magazine

E J /Wilmington Delaware

BACK ISSUES

I recently purchased a copy of CLOUD 9 and enjoyed the magazine *very* much In viewing pictures of the lovely girls I began to wonder if it's possible to secure actual photographs (glossy prints) of certain ones either in black and white or color possibly some of the same shots used in your magazine Since these girls are professional models, how could I secure these photographs (if not from you)? Could I get them from the agency they work

through? or by writing directly to them?

I would also like to know if you have any back issues of CLOUD 9 and how I can obtain them?

A P S /Detroit Mich

Sorry about the models We can't give any information at all As for the back issues write to Regent House Box 9506 North Hollywood Cal

HAWAII

That was a great article on Hawaii in the last issue of CLOUD 9 I have recently returned from the islands and agree with every word that was in the article I found the girls very attractive about the only thing I didn't like was pot no thanks

M J /Tarpon Springs Fla

MARILYN

I agree with C L of Phoenix in the Fan Fare column (CLOUD 9 Vol 3, No 1) No one has yet been able to copy Marilyn Monroe's walk Many have tried but in that department, Marilyn was unique

H R /Bountiful, Utah

TOO MUCH

The cover and centerspread of CLOUD 9 (Vol 3 No 1) were the greatest

H N /Burbank, Calif

LETTERS

I recently saw CLOUD 9 for the first time, and would like to congratulate you on your magazine I think you are on the right track in featuring Negroid models to a great extent As a Caucasian, I can attest to the truth of the statement that there is a strong affinity between colored girls and Caucasian men. I think other magazines have missed out on the opportunity in not featuring colored figure models, and possibly you can get a hold on the market before the trend begins, as it probably will soon

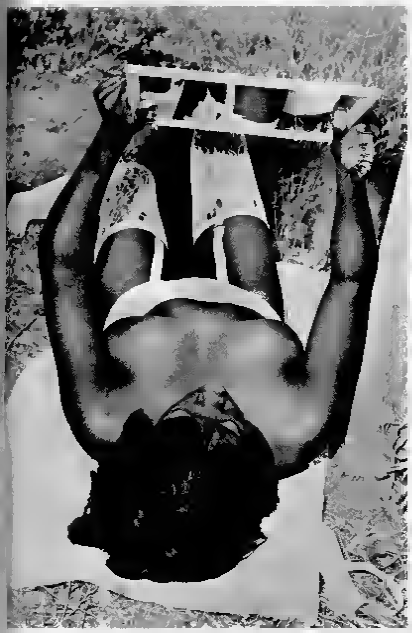
Anyway, another ingredient of success of course, is getting the right models and the right picture poses I think your Vol 2 No 2 issue was good on this score, too Particularly the spread on Diona Lee and pictures on pages 6 and 7 8 and 9 Your photo spread on Marie Brooks also deserves mention, though of a different type from Dione Lee, she is equally appealing All photos of her were good especially pages 28-30

I seldom write to magazines, but I do think you may have a good thing going If you will check the photo layouts and pages mentioned and continue likewise it will be worth the price. Actually, the whole issue was a good one, far better than other magazines, but I have named just a couple of pages I thought were best in hopes it will be of help in planning future issues

Anon /Santa Ana, California

Hose For Her Happy Time

Dee Foster loves the new styles in hosiery and is, at her happiest when she is dressed in a pair of way out stockings Even when she's working she is fond of wearing them They truly flatter her legs, too.



Swinging north on our grand tour of the world, we find the women of the ice-bound countries anything but cold

WOMEN of the WORLD

SCANDINAVIA

BY THOMAS BOYD

Take a beauty contest—any beauty contest anywhere in the world—and chances are better than 100 to 1 that one of the finalists (and probably all three) will be a Scandinavian (from Denmark Norway or Sweden)

It is more than their blonde locks high cheekbones fair complexions and well-turned figures that make them the darlings of beauty contest judges, it is also a quality of friendliness that permeates their personalities and radiates across the footlights to put the more serious minded beauties in the shadows.

This open-faced friendliness stemming as it does from a healthy curiosity about the world outside of Scandinavia is one of the reasons so many of their women enter beauty contests all over the world It is an easy, pleasant way to see the world and it satisfies their need for adventure

The wealthy in all parts of the world but most particularly in the United States take advantage of this wanderlust and seek young Scandinavian girls as servants Their lack of class consciousness is evident in the applicants for jobs as maids in other countries The high-born wealthy and well-educated vie with the poor and needy It is a comment on the high state of civilization in Scandinavia that no work in itself is menial They are able to wait on tables sweep the floors and walk the babies without losing any of their inborn pride

Is this burning desire to leave their home countries and see the world due to the fact that home is a good place to get away from? No sir not by a long shot! As a matter of fact, there are few places on this globe more inviting Not long ago an American traveler found himself making an unexpected stop in Copenhagen the capital of Denmark because something went amiss with his travel schedule Setting out to see the town without having done any homework he soon stumbled on Tivoli Copenhagen s fabled amusement park and stood in wonder before its 20 acres of pavilions minarets gardens fountains and restaurants

At last he turned to a native and blurted "I didn t know Copenhagen was having a World s Fair this year"

The Dane grinned broadly and replied in flawless English "Ah in Copenhagen we have the World s Fair all the time"

Perhaps that is the best way to describe the civilized sophisticated

lifting gay Scandinavian capital and its charming females.

Take a stroll down the ancient streets, steeping yourself in local color and do a little old fashioned girl watching. What would it be like? Well, as you walk past wine-shops and sidewalk cafes, restaurants and dance halls you'll observe many of the best-looking females on the Continent. Mostly they'll be tastefully dressed with a liking for suede jackets, tight short skirts and loose fitting sweaters and blouses. Chances are if you decide to smile at one of these girls you'll receive a smile in return, but it would be unwise to assume that this promising response is an invitation to the dance. It often is but more likely she is smiling because friendliness is second nature to the Danes.

A misunderstanding world has taken Scandinavian frankness and lack of the usual womanly "wiles" to mean that all of the females are rabid advocates of free love. They aren't rabid, just more nonchalant.

Gunilla Elinder of Stockholm in a newspaper interview in Los Angeles sums up pretty well the attitude of Sweden on sex.

"To us sex just isn't that exciting," she said with a shrug. "The young people just don't think about it that much. I think

Americans have received the wrong impression from our Ingmar Bergman movies."

Gunilla, 25, who has been studying psychology at Stanford University, went on to note that she attributes the lack of emphasis on sex in her country to liberal education and the acceptance that "sex is just a natural thing."

The practice of co-ed college living, which is the rule in Sweden, often shocks Americans, but Scandinavians defend it as tame and uneventful. Men and women have their own rooms and baths in the same building. What they share is a kitchen and a healthy companionship. It's just like apartment living. They have the opportunity to develop sound personal relations without the strong emphasis on romance that is so prevalent here.

In Scandinavia the women do not feel that there is any rush to get married. The average age for girls marrying is 24, for men, 26. They consider it most stupid and silly to get married before completing their education. This delay before taking on the double harness means that in a city such as Copenhagen there are many unattached females. And Danish girls are liberal about matters of romance uninhibited in their display of affection and unfettered by many of the tribal taboos found in other lands. But of course, Copenhagen is not a torrid zone of sin. As we have said, smile at a Danish girl and she'll smile back because she is not likely to be shy. But what might be interpreted as a brazen invitation coming from a girl of Madrid or Rome is often just a gesture of friendliness up north.

The traditional Danish liberality in sexual attitudes has some interesting sociological consequences. For instance, Copenhagen has no strip-tease clubs to compare with those of Paris, Hamburg or London. Copenhagen night life is lively but the accent is on way-out jazz, strenuous dancing and serious constructive drinking rather than on the display of flesh.

While Scandinavian women have made their marks in all of the arts, probably the most legendary—and

representative—is Greta Garbo. The elegant Swede was born Greta Gustovsson over sixty years ago in Stockholm. She was a student (as later was Ingrid Bergman) at Stockholm's Royal Dramatic School when Mauritz Stiller, the Scandinavian DeMille, cast her in a movie, *The Story of Gosta Berling*. It made her a star literally overnight and made the world conscious of the beauty of Scandinavian women. Garbo is a true representative of this land's females. Her faultlessly constructed face, that exquisite mouth and those alert eyes and incomparable cheekbones that throaty laugh as she toiled for MGM said more than words ever can to answer the question: What is the Scandinavian woman really like?

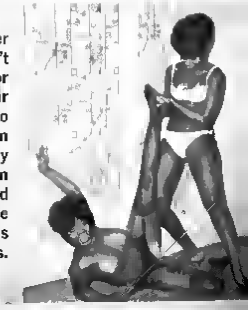
Or as British writer the late Evelyn Waugh was moved to write of them, "the most exhilarating people in Europe."

THE DOUBLE

When two girls share the same apartment it is often a matter of geographic or financial convenience that motivates them rather than a sense of true friendship. Of course, that's the ordinary situation but the girls on these pages are anything but ordinary

DYNAMITE DOLLS

First of all, Kim Lamb and her roommate, Lola Martin, don't get that great a geographic or monetary advantage out of their apartment sharing. What they do get is the joy of their own friendship—which, incidentally is something! They have even been dubbed the double dynamite dolls by their friends.



The girls are a barrel of fun and delight their friends with the wild and way-out shenanigans which they play at. So even though the girls may work at great distances from the apartment, at least they know that it's a ball to come home. There's always something happening with these two dynamite-like beauties.

not heard. Now she would never listen again.

Moises fretted the night away, and came out of his restless bed with the sun. He left his father's old shoemaking shop and jogged much farther than usual, punching harder at the air around him. When he came back his mouth was still hard.

When the townsmen tried to talk to him, he did not answer, and they whispered that perhaps he had forgotten his friends. No said other men, and asked if fighting roosters were friendly as those in the barnyard. The peddlers of Leon repeated that, and the *zapateros* heard, and each *aficionado*.

Juanito knew when Moises came into the gym, but acted as if it was usual for Moises to whip such mean and killing blows into the heavy body bag. He had to speak repeatedly to Moises to make him stop training.

Surely, the men of Leon said to each other, it would be safe to send letters with money to Mexico City since the Knife of Leon would surely cut down the Yanqui. Their own Moises Valles would of a certainty kill this Yanqui, they said.

The retired picador nodded and told them they spoke more truth than they understood. They looked at him and shrugged: who could know a picador's thoughts?

The Yanqui's name was Ben Parks, the announcer shouted, and it brought a ripple of applause when the announcer said it for the name was not unknown to *aficionados*. But the men who had traveled many long hours to hear El Cuchillo introduced, these men yipped and stamped until the arena rocked.

Moises did not see Inez at ringside: the seat was empty in the first row. He stood up as the bell rang and went out to meet Ben Parks.

Blond and hulking wide, the Yanqui stabbed a hard glove at him but a different Moises Valles had come into this ring. He was no sharp knife that slashed with speed and skill, but a hammer.

Madly, he slammed into Parks, clubbing at him with a raw ferocity that brought screaming thousands to their feet. The Yanqui was a seasoned journeyman, and refused to back a step, although this was not the swift stylist he had trained for. Ben Parks stood flat-footed and punched back.

The yells rose to bounce from the rafters, and the men of Leon threw fresh ones into the smoky air.

Moises hooked, driving the punch in, driving Parks back a pace, and the whistling right hand pushed him back another one. When the bell rang, the Yanqui was against the ropes.

He first went down halfway through the second round and again in the fourth. At the end of the fifth Moises could not hear the bell for the screaming and the thunder in his ears. He tore at the Yanqui with both soggy gloves until the referee forced him away.

In the corner, old Juanito pounded his back and shouted: "Now! Now! You will fight the champion next. Go out and kill this one!"

Juanito's words filtered through the breath sobbing in Moises' throat, becoming louder than the pounding of his heart. He tasted blood upon his mouthpiece and mumbled around it: "What? What?"

"Kill him!" Juanito roared, and the bell cut through smoke and noise.

Moises moved toward the man who no longer came to meet him, but only waited. He saw the white stiff clotting cut eyebrows, the ruined mouth. Ben Parks poked a tired hand at him.

The crowd screamed: "Cuchillo! Cuchillo! Kill him!"

As they screamed to a gamecock with bloody spurs.

The Yanqui's head wobbled, but he tried to put a jab into Moises' face. Moises pulled back and aimed a right at the crushed nose. Over the sagging gloves, Parks stared back at him like a beaten gamecock awaiting the steel gaff in his heart.

Sick, Moises spit out his mouthpiece. He threw the right hand hard to the Yanqui's shoulder. Parks went to his knees, and pulled on the bottom rope, but could not get up. The referee said ten, but nobody heard him.

Helping Parks to his corner, Moises looked at the Yanqui manager and the balding man nodded his thanks. Not for the help but for the punch that had not landed.

At the airport, old Juanito found him and they got on the plane together. When it was flying level, Juanito said: "I brought the money."

"Good," Moises said. "It will buy a machine for my shop."

"Tonight, you were a champion."

"I was a murderer," Moises said, and no more until the plane had landed and he had shaken a cab driver awake.

"Let me off at the gymnasium," Juanito asked.

"There is no bed," Moises said.

"A tired old man can sleep anywhere," Juanito said.

Moises paid the driver before the doorway of his shoe shop, and went inside, to lie down with the dawn.

Inez stood at the scarred cobbler's bench, cool and slim in a white dress, the faint pinkness of the sun touching her cheekbones.

He said it fast: "I fight no more. I swear it."

Her mouth was bruised roses. "The radio said you would not finish. The Yanqui, so I came to wait."

Moises took a deep breath: "It is not only for love of you. The Yanqui was brave, and I had the sharp gaffs of death in my hands for him. But I do not wish to kill."

Her small hands came out to touch him: "Moises—Moises."

He kissed her, but turned away. "To free the gamecocks," he said.

"No, Moises."

"But you said nothing was born to fight."

Inez touched him again: "It is too late for them now, they cannot turn back, as you did."

Moises frowned: "Then I must keep them caged."

"To stop them from hurting each other."

He took the ivory heart of her face between his hands: "I cannot say the things I should, but I think men are not the only ones who build cages."

Her mouth moved to kiss his palm: "It is also a trait of women who would become wives," she agreed. 9

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BEAUTY, THE BUILDER

Tina Sanders has always been the kind of girl who wanted a place of her own instead of joining the crowd in one apartment after another. As luck would have it, Tina was willed a bit of land by a grandfather who recently died and, despite her sorrow over the tragedy of death, she took heart about having her long-time wish come true. Tina doesn't have too much ready money, so, in order to actually have that nice home of her very own just as she wants it, she has to do most of the work herself. Work doesn't frighten her, though, and she's already begun construction on a small cabin which will soon be a weekend nest for her. Tina hopes that, after she builds the place completely, she'll be able to move in.

Tina doesn't actually know if she will be able to make any sort of an income while living on the island, but she is came to trust the lady for a girl who works as hard as she does, she should find it very easy.

other overwhelming fears held most women in cast iron sexual corsets One, of course, was the fear of pregnancy, the other fear of social disease Before the development and availability of efficient contraceptives, no girl or woman could give herself to a man without the nagging presentiment in the back of her mind that, if she really let go, things would get out of control and she would be receiving an unwanted special delivery nine months later

Before the development of antibiotics, no girl or woman could feel sure that, under similar circumstances she might not be infected with a venereal ailment And until Dr Alexander Fleming developed penicillin if she did contract such a sickness she stood even less chance than a man of ever being entirely cured

Today, with the miraculous "pill" and the equally efficient plastic "hook," pregnancy has become a matter of choice rather than of luck (or ill-luck) With increased knowledge and effectiveness of antibiotics, venereal disease is no longer a bugbear Not only is it less prevalent, at least among educated adults but it is easily and inexpensively (and wholly) curable

Small wonder then that psychiatrists professed themselves puzzled at the source of sexual repression sufficient to breed unnatural frigidity in millions of otherwise normal and healthy American women It did not —and it does not—make sense

Thanks to unyielding investigation the causes of this unhappy phenomena are beginning to make themselves apparent The reasons for which millions of otherwise healthy and intelligent young women remain reluctant to marry until well along in life (if then) and millions of others after marriage and childbirth occupy themselves with child-raising chores and local committee work that neglect their marriage bedwork are considerably different from those which drove their grandparents into damaging self-repression

—but they are based on the same old chimera—fear!

In order to protect their daughters against the temptations of a sexual freedom they never knew or seldom dreamed of, mothers in too many instances have built in a whole new set of tabus

Millions of women retain an unnatural "virtue" that amounts to abstinence because they have been brainwashed in early childhood to believe they will actually suffer hell-fire and eternal damnation if they are "bad" and are unable to shake the hoary shibboleth

Millions of others have had it ingrained in them from pre-puberty years that if they give themselves to a man out of wedlock he must inevitably despise them as "cheap" Also that a man will inevitably boast of his conquest to his friends, thus destroying her reputation forever

Others are taught that to revel in a sexual enjoyment is "dirty" and that a woman who does so cannot be "nice" This last of course is a status thing, which has about as much to do with sex fulfillment as garbage disposal

As a result of such indoctrination it is small wonder that many an American girl goes to bed with a lover in a state approaching deep freeze Nor is she a bit better prepared for the sexual give-and-take of a normal married existence

Thus America is overpopulated with secret nymphos today women who may not even be aware that it is lack of normal and pleasant sexual outlets that render them incapable of enjoying anything.

Above all, they suffer from loss of identity since few if any of them have the time or talent or training to seek and find a justification for living in creative work Even those secret nymphos who do make it in business or in the arts are subject to gnawing doubts of their identities and importance as human beings

No human being who has not attained sexual fulfillment can attain a true sense of him or herself—and this goes double for the female to whom the sexual role is far more important biologically than it is for the male

While the secret nymphomaniac may be tall or short, fat or thin, curvy or bedslat flat stupid or intelligent, blonde brunette or red-headed, she tends to develop mannerisms and other outward indications of her deprived condition as the years pass her by

She may react to a masculine sex pitch with undisguised revulsion or with horrifying enthusiasm In the latter case she has learned that such aggressiveness invariably puts a damper on the advances of the propositioning male so it amounts to the same thing

She may even avoid the most casual contact with a member of the opposite sex as though she were afraid of contracting leprosy or, at the very least, trench mouth from his touch

She usually seeks outlets for her banked unexpended sexual energies in a tremendous show of business

She's the secretary who takes her work home after hours rather than risk a late-office session with the boss

She is a faddist with food and drink Usually she is afraid to get drunk, so she goes in for alcohol (when she indulges at all) in that "just the right little wine for dinner" vein that is bad enough in a man but downright horrifying when a woman does it She may decide to let herself go and be a glutton—or she may be forever worrying about a figure she will never be able to use as nature intended

Above all, the man who finds himself in bed with her will find himself engaged in a bout with a neurotic who attaches vast overimportance to a function she performs miserably Usually at its conclusion, she will weep and insist that he can no longer "respect" her

The chances are he won't—not because she gave or rather lent her body to his assault—but because she was such a lousy partner

The man who marries her is in for it. And it's an odds-on bet that he'll never find out his wife is a secret nympho at all

To him she will merely be cold as an Arctic iceberg

About the only thing a sensible amorist can do when he falls afoul of such a neurotic drab is to paddle right out of bed with her in search for warmer and more hospital shores. If he stays where he is, he'll starve to death sharing her repressions

JEST-O-RAMA

SOME PARTY

The party the previous evening had been a howling success It was now the morning after the night before.

'Darling, ' whispered the husband, "I hate to admit this but was it you I made love to in the garage last night?"

The young wife looked puzzled for a few minutes then answered, "about what time?"

SIMPLE

"I just don't know how to make my wife happy at night," admitted the young husband

'It s very simple' explained his handsome friend First you lower the lights put on a sexy record spray the room with an exotic perfume dress your wife in the sheerest negligee, then open the window and whistle '

"WHISTLE," answered the husband 'Why should I whistle?"

Well I'll be waiting outside and come in and finish the job for you '

DEFINITE

After much research it has been discovered the best three things in life are a martini before and a cigarette afterwards

MEOUW

Two catty females were chatting at a cocktail party

"I hear that Freda is getting married again" said Mary

"Again," exclaimed her friend, "I didn t even know she was pregnant"

TERSE VERSE

A playboy is a clever guy
Who has a lot of fun
He samples every pretty gal
And never Mrs one

NO WHEATIES

"Why don't you smile, Johnny?" asked the teacher you are sitting there sulking, how do you expect to learn any geography?"

"I'm not interested in geography I never had any breakfast,' moaned Johnny

I m sorry to hear that, I'll see you get some lunch Now back to the lesson Where is the Polish border?"

"He s in bed with my mom" screamed Johnny 'That s why I didn t get any breakfast"

BOO BOO

The couple stepped up to the hotel desk and the man rang the bell

'I'd like a room and bath for my wife and me,' said the gentleman

'I'm sorry, sir" said the room clerk but the only room we have doesn t have any bathroom Will that be all right?

"What do you say my dear Will it be okay with you?" the gentleman asked the young lady at his side

"Sure mister" she said

REAL GONE

An inmate at a funny farm was up for release The first question put to him was what he intended to do when he was released "I m gonna get a slingshot and break every damn window in this place" he said Naturally, he was sent back to the ward

Six months later he was again before the committee and again asked the same question

"When I get out I shall find a job get a nice apartment and find myself a girl" announced the inmate

"Very good ' answered the doctor

'Then I'll take her to my apartment, lift her skirt steal her garter, make a slingshot, come back here, and break every damn window in this place '

CONFUCIUS SAYS

Most girls who go out on Saturday night and sow their wild oats show up in church on Sunday and pray for a crop failure

A girl's conscience doesn't really keep her from doing anything wrong

CLOUD 9 will pay contributors five dollars for each joke used on these pages None can be returned and the editor s decision is final Address them to the Editor CLOUD 9, 7311 Fulton Ave North Hollywood California 91605

THREE WAY TOUCHDOWN FROLIC

Everyone knows that football's the great American sport- but not very many people think of it as a game played by gals The facts are though that a great many young ladies do like the rough and tumble game of the gridiron At least these gals form a dynamic and beautiful team Ellie Norma and Ruth Graham are sisters who have been on a football team of their own for the past nine years They started playing when they were kids and have kept it up ever since Not only that they play and practice summer and winter regardless of official season time

These pictures were taken as the girls scrimmaged on a vacant piece of land near where they live. We have to warn you, though, that this is not the way the girls usually play. It just so happens that we all felt the theme of football was a good one for this magazine and so, used it as a gimmick for this modeling session.